



## My Dearest M.



34 1 4

### Chapter 1 by Ryshelle Stebelton

My Dearest M.

I miss you. I remember when we used to hang out all the time and I'll be damned if they weren't some of the best of my childhood. It's only been one or two days since we last spoke in person, I know. But I miss you like hell. I think about you all the time you just drive me crazy! I dyed my hair pink again, just for you! Remember how we both kept it pink from eighth until we graduated? I remember how much you love the color pink. I remember how much I made fun of you for it. But it has grown on me thanks to you. Like many other things have. You introduced me to theater, which changed my life. I have an audition later for the local theater. I'm really excited, but mostly just nervous. It seems like you never get nervous. At least if you did, you have an awesome talent for hiding it. You're just a natural born star. You're even beautiful.

I made a cake yesterday that reminded me of you. I saw a stranger, heard a song, looked at a magazine. Jesus, you're everywhere! I mean, it's almost annoying. I wish I could speak to you, I mean in person. Not over the phone or internet or anything. Just have a nice, sit down and coffee at our cafe spot. The third table on the left, every Wednesday at one. What I wouldn't give for that, and I wish? But I have to go now. I'll talk to you soon. Bye now!

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All my love,

S.

Chapter 2 by Ryshelle Stebelton



S.

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